

## The second part of

If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.  
Ile to the King my maister that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the Prince.

*Enter the Prince  
and Blunt*

*Iust.* Good morrow, and God saue your maiestie.

*Prince* This new and gorgeous garment Maiesty  
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke:  
Brothers, you mixt your sadnesse with some feare,  
This is the English, not the Turkish court,  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeedes,  
But Harry Harry: yet be sad, good brothers,  
For by my faith it very well becomes you:  
Sorrow so royally in you appears,  
That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
And weare it in my heart: why then be sad,  
But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,  
Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,  
For me, by heauen (I bid you be assurde)  
Ile be your father, and your brother too,  
Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:  
Yet weepe that Harries dead, and so will I,  
But Harry liues, that shal conuert those teares  
By number into howres of happinesse.

*Bro.* We hope no otherwise from your maiesty.

*Prince* You all looke strangely on me, and you most,  
You are I thinke assurde I loue you not.

*Iust.* I am assurde, if I be measurde rightly,  
Your maiesty hath no iust cause to hate me.

*Prince* No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,  
So great indignities you laid vpon me?

What rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,  
Th immediate heire of England? was this easie?  
May this be washt in lethy and forgotten?

*Iust.* I then did vse the person of your father,  
The image of his power lay then in me,  
And in th administration of his law,

Whiles

## Henry th

Whiles I was busie for the comm  
Your Highnesse pleased to forg  
The maiestie and power of law  
The image of the King whom I  
And strooke me in my very feat  
Whereon, (as an offendor to yo  
I gaue bold way to my authority  
And did commit you: if the dee  
Be you contented, wearing now  
To haue a sonne set your decre  
To plucke downe Iustice from  
To trip the course of law, and bl  
That guards the peace and safet  
Nay more, to spurne at your m  
And mocke your workings in  
Question your royall thoughts  
Be now the father, and propos  
Heare your owne dignity so mu  
See your most dreadfull lawes  
Behold your selfe so by a sonne  
And then imagine me taking y  
And in your power soft silen  
After this cold considerance se  
And as you are a King, speake  
What I haue done that misbec  
My person, or my lieges souer

*Prince* You are right Iustice  
Therefore still beare the Balla  
And I do wish your honors m  
Til you do liue to see a sonne  
Offend you, and obey you as  
So shall I liue to speake my fa  
Happie am I that haue a man  
That dares do iustice on my p  
And not lesse happie, hauing  
That would deliuer vp his gr